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There is an infinite being which existed before heaven
or earth.
How calm it is! how free!
It lives alone; it changes not.
It moves everywhere, but it never suffers.
We may look upon it as a Mother of the Universe.
I, I know not its name.—*Lao-tse, cap. 25.*

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LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY.[1]

I.

THESE letters will be continued each month in the PATH. They constitute a correspondence carried on by H.P.B. with her Russian relatives, and are being translated into English by H.P.B.'s niece, Mrs. C. Johnston, whose maiden name was Vera Jelihovsky, and whose mother is Mme. Jelihovsky, the sister of H.P.B. who contributed under her own name to Mr. Sinnett's *Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky.* As most of the letters were not dated, it will not always be possible to say whether H.P.B. was writing from America, Tibet, Egypt, or the North Pole. A great many letters are in this correspondence, and the series will be continued until all are published. They are all of wonderful interest. It must be borne in mind for a clearer understanding of her words that she was writing to relatives who did not understand her strange inner life, and many of whom held religious opinions very different from hers. Permission has been given me to add some notes, but for those I alone will be responsible.

W. Q. J.

[1] Copyright, 1894.

About the year 1875 Madame Jelihovsky, who is well known both on account of her own contributions to literature and also as the sister of Madame Blavatsky, heard that H.P.B. had commenced to write in a way that would have been impossible to her a few years before. How she had acquired the knowledge that won the unanimous praise of both the English and American press was beyond all explanation. There were rumors afloat as to "sorcery" being at the root of it, and filled with forebodings and terrors Madame Jelihovsky wrote to her sister, imploring an explanation.[1] She received the following reply:

"Do not be afraid that I am off my head. All that I can say is that someone positively *inspires me*— . . . more than this: someone enters me. It is not I who talk and write: it is something within me, my higher and luminous Self, that thinks and writes for me. Do not ask me, my friend, what I experience, because I could not explain it to you clearly. I do not know myself! The one thing I know is that now, when I am about to reach old age, I have become a sort of storehouse of somebody else's knowledge. . . . *Someone* comes and envelops me as a misty cloud and all at once pushes me out of myself, and then I am not "I" any more—Helena Petrovna Blavatsky—but someone else. Someone strong and powerful, born in a totally different region of the world; and as to myself it is almost as if I were asleep, or lying by not quite conscious,—not in my own body but close by, held only by a thread which ties me to it. However, at times I see and hear everything quite clearly: I am perfectly conscious of what my body is saying and doing—or at least its new possessor. I even understand and remember it all so well that afterwards I can repeat it and even write down *his* words. . . . At such a time I see awe and fear on the faces of Olcott and others, and follow with interest the way in which *he* half-pityingly regards them out of my own eyes and teaches them with my physical tongue. Yet not with my mind but his own, which enwraps my brain like a cloud. . . . Ah, but really I cannot explain everything."

H.P.B.'s astonishment at this marvellous development of her own powers would appear to have been great, if one may judge by a letter she wrote (about 1875 to 1876) to her aunt, Madame Fadeef, with whom she had been brought up and educated:

"Tell me, dear one, do you take any interest in physiologico-psychological mysteries? Here is one for you which is well qualified to astonish any physiologist: in our Society there are a few

[1] It must be recollected that the "rumors of sorcery" were afloat in Russia and not in America.—W.Q. J.

exceedingly learned members—for instance, Professor Wilder, one of the first archæologists and Orientalists in the United States, and all these people come to me to be taught, and swear that I know all kinds of Eastern languages and sciences, positive as well as abstract, much better than themselves. That's a fact! And it's as bad to run up against a fact as against a pitchfork. So then tell me: how could it have happened that I, whose learning was so awfully lame up to the age of forty, have suddenly become a phenomenon of learning in the eyes of people who are really learned? This fact is an impenetrable mystery of Nature. I—a psychological problem, an enigma for future generations, a Sphinx![1] Just fancy that I, who have never in my life studied anything, and possess nothing but the most superficial smattering of general information; I, who never had the slightest idea about physics or chemistry or zoology, or anything else—have now suddenly become able to write whole dissertations about them. I enter into discussions with men of science, into disputes out of which I often emerge triumphant. . . . It's not a joke; I am perfectly serious; I am really frightened because I do not understand how it all happens. It is true that for nearly three years past I have been studying night and day, reading and thinking. But whatever I happen to read, it all seems familiar to me. . . . I find mistakes in the most learned articles, and in lectures by Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and others. If some archæologist happens to call on me, on taking leave he is certain to assure me that I have made clear to him the meaning of various monuments, and pointed out things to him of which he had never dreamed. All the symbols of antiquity, and their secret meaning, come into my head and stand there before my eyes as soon as the conversation touches on them.

"A pupil of Faraday's, a certain Professor H., who has been christened by the voice of a thousand mouths 'the Father of experimental Physics', having spent yesterday evening with me, now assures me that I am well qualified to 'put Faraday in my pocket'. Can it be that they all are simply fools? But it is impossible to suppose that friends and enemies alike have leagued together to make of me a savant if all that I do is to prove superficially certain wild theories of my own. And if it was only my own devoted Olcott and other Theosophists who had such a high opinion of me, it could be said: '*Dans le pays des aveugles les borgnes sont rois*' ('In a country of blind men the one-eyed are kings'). But I continually have a whole crowd from morning to night of all

[1] This name was prophetic, for thus she has been often called—W.Q.J.

kinds of Professors, Doctors of Science, and Doctors of Divinity;[1] . . . for instance, there are two Hebrew Rabbis here, Adler and Goldstein, who are both of them thought to be the greatest Talmudists. They know by heart both the *Quabalah* of Simeon Ben Jochai and the *Codex Nazaræus* of Bardesanes. They were brought to me by A., a protestant clergyman and commentator on the *Bible*, who hoped they would prove that I am mistaken on the subject of a certain statement in the Chalden Bible of Onkelos. And with what result? I have beaten them. I quoted to them whole sentences in ancient Hebrew and proved to them that Onkelos is an authority of the Babylonian school."

In the earlier letters of H.P.B. to Madame Jelihovsky the intelligence which has been referred to as "enveloping her body" and using her brain is spoken of as "the Voice" or "Sahib". Only later did she name this, or another "Voice", as "Master". For instance, she writes to Madame Jelihovsky:

"I never tell anyone here about my experience with the *Voice*. When I try to assure them that I have never been in Mongolia, that I do not know either Sanskrit or Hebrew or ancient European languages, they do not believe me. 'How is this,' they say, 'you have never been there, and yet you describe it all so accurately? You do not know the languages and yet you translate straight from the originals!' and so they refuse to believe me.[2] They think that I have some mysterious reasons for secrecy; and besides, it is an awkward thing for me to deny when everyone has heard me discussing various Indian dialects with a lecturer who has spent twenty years in India. Well, all that I can say is, either they are mad or I am a changeling!"

About this time H.P.B. appears to have been greatly troubled, for though some members of the nascent Theosophical Society were able to get "visions of pure Planetary Spirits", she could only see "earthly exhalations, elementary spirits" of the same category, which she said played the chief part in materializing séances. She writes:

"In our Society everyone must be a vegetarian, eating no flesh and drinking no wine. This is one of our first rules.[3] It is

[1] Col. Olcott and myself can testify to the continual stream of people of all sorts which entered her rooms every day. In 1875 she told me that when she had to write about evolution a large picture of scenes of the past would unroll before her eyes, together with another picture of the present time.—W.Q.J.

[2] In London, in 1888, a Hindû who had met her at Meerut said to her in my presence through an interpreter that he was surprised she did not use his language then, as she had used it at Meerut. She replied: "Ah, yes, but that was at Meerut."—W.Q.J.

[3] This was a proposed rule. H.P.B accepted a thing proposed as a thing done, and so spoke of it here. But she did not carry out that rule then proposed, and never then suggested its enforcement to me.—W.Q.J.

well known what an evil influence the evaporations of blood and alcohol have on the spiritual side of human nature, blowing the animal passions into a raging fire; and so one of these days I have resolved to fast more severely than hitherto. I ate only salad and did not even smoke for whole nine days, and slept on the floor, and this is what happened: I have suddenly caught a glimpse of one of the most disgusting scenes of my own life, and I felt as if I was out of my body, looking at it with repulsion whilst it was walking, talking, getting puffed up with fat and sinning. Pheugh, how I hated myself! Next night when I again lay down on the hard floor, I was so tired out that I soon fell asleep and then got surrounded with a heavy, impenetrable darkness Then I saw a star appearing; it lit up high, high above me, and then fell, dropping straight upon me. It fell straight on my forehead and got transformed into a hand. Whilst this hand was resting on my forehead I was all ablaze to know whose hand it was. . . . I was concentrated into a single prayer, into an impulse of the will, to learn who it was, to whom did this luminous hand belong. . . . And I have learned it: there stood over it I myself. Suddenly this second me spoke to my body, 'Look at me!" My body looked at it and saw that the half of this second me was as black as jet, the other half whitish-grey, and only the top of the head perfectly white, brilliant, and luminous. And again I myself spoke to my body: 'When you become as bright as this small part of your head, you will be able to see what is seen by others, by the purified who have washed themselves clean. . . . And meanwhile, make yourself clean, make yourself clean, make yourself clean.' And here I awoke."

At one time H.P.B. was exceedingly ill with advanced rheumatism in her leg. Doctors told her that it was gangrened, and considered her case hopeless. But she was successfully treated by a negro who was sent to her by the "Sahib". She writes to Madame Jelihovsky:

"He has cured me entirely. And just about this time I have begun to feel a very strange duality. Several times a day I feel that besides me there is someone else, quite separable from me, present in my body. I never lose the consciousness of my own personality; what I feel is as if I were keeping silent and the other one—the lodger who is in me—were speaking with my tongue. For instance, I know that I have never been in the places which are described by my 'other me', but this other one—the second me—does not lie when he tells about places and things unknown to me, because he has actually seen them and

knows them well. I have given it up: let my fate conduct me at its own sweet will; and besides, what am I to do? It would be perfectly ridiculous if I were to deny the possession of knowledge avowed by my No. 2, giving occasion to the people around me to imagine that I keep them in the dark for modesty's sake. In the night, when I am alone in my bed, the whole life of my No. 2 passes before my eyes, and I do not see myself at all, but quite a different person—different in race and different in feelings. But what's the use of talking about it? It's enough to drive one mad. I try to throw myself into the part and to forget the strangeness of my situation. This is no mediumship, and by no means an impure power; for that, it has too strong an ascendency over us all, leading us into better ways. No devil would act like that. 'Spirits', maybe? But if it comes to that, my ancient 'spooks' dare not approach me any more. It's enough for me to enter the room where a sèance is being held to stop all kinds of phenomena at once, especially materializations. Ah no, this is altogether of a higher order! But phenomena of another sort take place more and more frequently under the direction of my No. 2.[1] One of these days I will send you an article about them. It is interesting."

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

A FAITHFUL RECORD OF A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

(Concluded.)

Such were the salient features of the mysterious sanctum into which I had been conducted by the awe-inspiring divinity of the place.

At the bidding of the clairvoyante I approached the circular object before which she had taken up her position. It proved to be a black marble bowl resting on a tripod of polished brass. It was filled almost to the brim with a dark, sticky substance resembling pitch or tar, which emitted a faint and rather unpleasant odor.

Without a word my strange companion, after stationing me at the opposite side of the basin and immediately under the pendant star, began a series of mesmeric-like passes above the bowl. She extended her arms repeatedly in a graceful curve, as if endeavor-

[1] These phenomena were those amazing feats of magic, hundreds of which I witnessed in broad daylight or blazing gas-light, from 1875 to 1878.—W.Q.J.

ing to draw within the compass of the basin an invisible something from the oppressive atmosphere of the room.

In the course of a few minutes the result of these manipulations became apparent. As if impelled by some occult force the sticky, inert mass began to move: then it lost its former aspect of viscidity, and finally it fairly boiled and bubbled like a cauldron of steaming lava.

Apparently satisfied with the results obtained, the seeress withdrew her hands from the bowl, whereupon the tumult within subsided, and in a short time the contents presented the appearance of a miniature lake of ink, as smooth and motionless as a solid block of marble.

"Now then," said my vis-a-vis, while the lines in her face began to harden, "do not look at me, but keep your eyes fastened upon the moulveh—"

"The moulveh?" I interrupted, wonderingly.

"Yes, the bhatta, the substance in the basin. Moulveh we call it in my country. It possesses magical properties. All that you will to know you shall behold reflected from its surface. See? the spell has begun to work already."

So saying she directed my gaze to the inky pool, and riveting her own upon the burnished star above my head, which, improbable as it may seem, began to coruscate with intense brilliancy, she lapsed into complete silence.

And now a strange thing occurred. As I bent over the basin a wave of pale white light flitted across the face of the mysterious disc. Then a misty vapor ascended in curling wreaths from its somber depths. In a few seconds it passed off, leaving the surface of the moulveh clearer and more mirror-like than before.

Suddenly I detected what I took to be the shadowy outlines of a picture at the very bottom of the sleeping mass. Gradually it rose, gathering strength as it progressed, until at length it stood out in sharp relief against its background of jet, clear-cut, vivid, tangible almost in its intense realness and fidelity.

Astonished beyond measure I bestowed a furtive glance upon the extraordinary being whose powers so far outran those of common mortals like myself. She seemed to be in a state of profound somnolism. Her body was as rigid as stone, her face overspread with the ghastly pallor of death. Her eyes, blazing like twin bulbs of electrical fire, were still fixed upon the overhanging star, more coruscant, if anything, than before. With a shudder I returned to the contemplation of the picture, which I had not heretofore examined in its minutiæ.

The scene before me represented one of the large trans-Atlantic steamers tossed hither and thither in the trough of a mighty sea. Apparently a great storm was in progress. On deck everything was bustle and confusion. And yet not a sound broke the solemn quiet of the room. Figures in the garb of seamen hurried to and fro at the bidding of an officer who directed their movements from the bridge. Scattered about, a score of adventurous passengers might be seen clinging for safety to the various supports of the vessel. There was a familiar look about one of these forms; at a second glance I recognized in it a faithful portraiture of myself, as far as the features were concerned, although the clothing, which was of an odd pattern, in no wise resembled anything in my modest wardrobe.

With curious interest I watched my miniature image as it moved calm and unruffled through the excited and panic-stricken throng. I could not doubt the reality of the phantom picture: to do so would be to discredit the evidence of my senses. I knew beyond peradventure that I was face to face with myself!

But what struck me as the most remarkable feature of the pantomimic display was the fact that, despite the turbulent riot of the waves and the incessant activity of the beleagured crew, not a ripple disturbed for an instant the placid surface of the imprisoned moulveh. From start to finish it remained as still and quiescent as a sheet of glass.

And now scene after scene succeeds, each merging into its neighbor with panoramic rapidity. I see the same ship anchored safely in a foreign port; I melt into the stream that pours down the gangplank to the shore; I pass the inspection of the customs officers, and before I am aware of the change I see myself whirled in a railway carriage with the speed of the wind over miles of undulating country dotted with thrifty villages and productive farms, rich in the variegated herbage of an autumn day.

On, on I speed with the shifting panorama until my journey's end is reached. I dismount from my car in the station of a bustling American city, where I am warmly embraced and welcomed by my waiting aunt. We enter a carriage at the door and are driven rapidly over uneven streets alive with traffic, which shortly give place to smooth boulevards lined with picturesque residences. We stop before an elegant mansion, where I am ushered into a tidy room, evidently set apart for my occupancy.

In the twinkling of an eye the picture vanishes and another flits across the bosom of the magic pond. Now I am seated at a desk in the office of a busy concern. I seem to occupy a position

of trust, for I am bending my ear to catch the whispered confidences of a trio of dignified men whose bearing indicates the nature of the relation that exists between us. They rise and pass out, and then a younger man, a fellow clerk apparently, appears and, seating himself at a desk in the rear, scowls at me behind my back. There is a look of ill-concealed malice on his face, a dark, forbidding frown upon his brow. His presence troubles me. I am nervous and ill at ease. I close my eyes involuntary as if to shut out the unwelcome sight, and when I open them again I am alone at my desk, running up and down long columns of figures in the books spread out before me. I appear vexed and baffled. I rise and pace the room; then I return to my books, only to rise again more disconcerted than ever.

While I am attempting to solve the problem of my evident embarrassment, the quiet picture is replaced by one of wild commotion. I am standing at a railroad crossing surrounded by a crowd of struggling, white-faced men. At my feet lies the body of a young man, covered with blood, the limbs severed from the trunk. I kneel beside the hapless wretch and tenderly lift the drooping head upon my lap. He turns his glazing eyes toward me; he whispers a few disjointed words in my ear and sinks back upon the roadway—dead. Great God! in the livid, upturned face I recognize the features of the young man who had scowled at me from his stool! I could stand no more. With a cry of horror I dashed from the fever-laden atmosphere of the darkened room, out into the sunlight of the fresh September day, and for one—two—three hours I wandered on and on—I cared not where—it mattered little—so long as I increased the distance between me and that accursed abode of diabolism and witchcraft—I would fain say, of jugglery and deceit. Never again, I resolved for the thousandth time during my mad walk, would I attempt to lift the curtain which the Almighty has mercifully interposed to save his children from a too forward knowledge of their lot.

When I had regained my usual composure I retraced my steps to the business quarter of the town. By this time I had fully make up my mind to leave Manchester for good, and so without more ado I sought the office of the White Star Line and secured a berth on the steamer booked to sail from Liverpool on the following day.

I then took leave of my employers and my fellow-clerks, from whom I parted with much reluctance and regret. When I closed the door behind me for the last time I carried with me not only the promised letter of recommendation but a new ten-pound note

as well, which the Messrs. Sloan, with the utmost delicacy, had tendered to me above and beyond the amount due for services rendered. As I hastened to my lodgings to pack my few worldly belongings, my eye was attracted to a suit of fashionable cut in the shop-windows of a leading clothier and outfitter. In an instant I saw that the pattern of the cloth was identical with that which had struck me so forcibly in the spectral picture of the storm at sea.

Here then was the first confirmation of the weird revelations of the magic mirror. Under the circumstances I could not, even if I would, forego the purchase of the clothes, which fitted me to perfection. Half of my new ten-pound note I left in the tailor's hands, and with my bundle under my arm I repaired to my lodgings. By noon of the next day I was on board ship, bound for the far-off land of the stars and stripes.

What need to dwell at length upon the events only too faithfully foreshadowed on the glassy face of the enchanted bowl? Suffice it to say that the prophecies of the mirror were fulfilled to the letter. Everything was verified: the fierce gale at sea, my arrival in New York, the journey to Buffalo, my reception by my aunt, Mrs. Mindham, and my subsequent installation into the office of accountant for Buckley Bros. & Baker, with the unhappy issues attendant thereon.

Whatever element of mystery might have attached to any of the fleeting scenes I had witnessed was cleared up in due course. While I was doing ample justice to the first dinner set before me in Buffalo, my aunt explained, in answer to my request for information, that Buckley Bros. & Baker had but recently succeeded to the business of the older concern — which accounted for the non-quotation of the firm by the Bradstreet Agency.

The new member of the company (Mr. Baker) had married the daughter of my aunt some months before, and it was through his influence that the position, made vacant by the resignation of my predecessor, was given to me.

Before my first day's work was over I realized the fact that the young man, Edward Veitch by name, who had figured so unfavorably in the prospective incidents of my career, was destined to be a no less disagreeable companion than he had been represented. He had aspired to the vacancy himself, but on account of his growing fondness for intoxicants the management did not deem it advisable to entrust the conduct of their business to his hands. Nor did they feel exactly at liberty to discharge him, seeing that in spite of his failings he was a valuable man in his way; consequently they refused to advance him to the position

which it was my good fortune afterwards to secure. It was galling to Veitch's vanity to be forced to "play second fiddle to a John Bull", as he contemptuously expressed it, and in every manner possible he sought to render my new occupation odious to me. Seeing that I paid little or no attention to the petty annoyances and insults which he heaped upon me continually, he resorted to more questionable means to bring me into discredit with my employers, and by a series of adroit falsifications succeeded in throwing the books out of balance to the extent of several thousand dollars.

Although I suspected him of duplicity I could not prove my point, nor was I able to locate the source of error, even after a systematic course of re-checking. For hours at a time, just as the prophetic moulveh had foreshown, I hung over my books until I was almost upon the verge of delirium.

At last the crisis came. After an unusually sleepless night I hurried off to my work, to continue the search. Just as I was about to settle down to my wearisome task a messenger, panting and breathless, dashed into the office. My fellow-clerk, Veitch, in attempting to board an incoming train had been dragged under the iron wheels of the car. Almost with his parting breath he had summoned me to his side. Jumping into a cab I was quickly upon the scene of the disaster. Is it necessary to say that the last and final picture of the series was reproduced in its entirety then and there, even to the confirmation of the very stones in the road upon which I knelt? As the crushed and mangled body of poor Veitch began to stiffen in my arms, he confessed to the falsification of the books, while even then a blush of shame stole over his wan cheek.

"But I shan't ask you to forgive me," he gasped laboriously, "I — don't — deserve — it, — Alf."

Instinctively I grasped the pulseless hand. The ashen lips parted in a grateful smile, an icy shiver ran through the dying frame, there was a struggle in the throat — and all was over.

. . . . . .

I am older now, and time has softened many of the painful recollections of the past, but those arcane pictures, photographed so long ago upon the very substance of my brain, still offer no suggestion of impermanency, discover no symptoms of obliteration.

Truthfully, indeed, may I say, with the arch-puppet of the mimic world, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Thanks to you, dear reader, and good-bye!

ST. GEORGE BEST.

THEOSOPHICAL DON'TS.

THE following suggestions arise from experience and are due to facts in the Theosophical world.

Don't speak or write as if morality and ethics were unknown before H.P.B. wrote the *Voice of the Silence*. Some of our devoted band have been heard to speak in such a way that hearers thought the speaker meant to convey the idea that only in the *Voice* or other similar books of ours could be found the high and correct ethics by which one ought to guide his life. Buddhism, Christianity, and all the other religions teach the same morals, and literature is full of it.

Don't say that all the Theosophical doctrines were first given out by the Mahâtmas through their Theosophical chelas. Attributing everything solely to the Mahâtmas is foolish, as it is easily controverted. And do not be forever saying, "We are taught this and are told that". The number of doctrines found mentioned for the first time by the Mahâtmas through H.P.B. are few, extraordinary in conception and scope, and easily recognized.

Don't explain everything by one theory. To wit; do not be so inadequate as to brush off the whole of Spiritualism with one word, "all spooks and shells". You will be wrong if you do so, and the result will be antagonism.

Don't say that science is all wrong and that men of science are materialists. Huxley has done us good service; he has but lately admitted consciousness to be a third factor in the universe, not a part of force and matter; and Spencer has many a good thing in his works. Besides, if you want H.P.B. on the matter, you can read her words that the truth is to be found in a union of science with occultism.

Don't think or say that phenomena are good stepping-stones to Theosophy. They are not, for those who stand upon them will fall from them to their hurt.

Don't run down the spirit of true Christianity, nor imagine that we can get ministers and congregations *en masse* to change into Theosophists. The true spirit of Christianity, as meant to be taught in the beginning, is doubtless Theosophy, but truth is not aided by running amuck among the faith of a whole people.

Don't say that H.P.B. has been reïncarnated unless you know

it and are able to prove it. To say you think so is not proof. She may or may not be, and either way the work must go on.

Don't talk as if messages from the Masters are all precipitated on rice paper, the writing incorporated in the paper, and such child's talk, indulged in only by those who do not know. And forget not that precipitation proves only that something was precipitated. It can be done by mediums and by various sorts of occultists.

Don't think or say that the only true occultism is found in the East, or that we must go to the East for it, or that the West has none of it. Remember that the greatest known Adept was a Western woman, a Russian, and that the energy of the lodge of Masters was first expended here in the West in this age. If so, is it not reasonable to suppose that the West has its occultists even though hidden? Recollect also that H.P.B. received in her house in New York before witnesses Western men of occult science who worked wonders there at times. Perhaps it is as has been hinted many a time, that the true thing is to be found in a union of the East and the West. The terms Guru and Chela have been misused so that all too many are looking to India for help, from which they will get but little until the West is itself full of wise students of occultism who know the meaning of being placed by karma in the West. The fact is, again, that in the East the men are looking to the great Russian woman for the very spiritual help that first shed its rays upon the West unmistakably. Again, there is extant a letter from the Mahâtma K.H. to a Western man wherein it said that he should work in his own land and forget not that Karma so demanded.

Don't teach that vegetarianism is the road to heaven and spiritual growth. Was not the great Nazarene right when he intimated that, the kingdom of heaven being within, it did not come from eating or drinking? And has not our old friend H.P.B. written suggestively that cows and elephants are pure vegetarians? Reflect on the fact that some of the very best people on earth were meat-eaters, and that wicked or gross thoughts are more hurtful than the eating of a ton of flesh. In fact, . . .

Don't fail to exercise your common sense on all and every occasion.

W. Q. J.

FACES OF FRIENDS.

TWO Indian workers are pictured this month who live at Bellary, South India. Rangampalli Jagannathiah is the sitting figure. He was born in May, 1852, at Cuttack near Jaggernath, and hence is called Jagannathiah. His father was a native officer in the 30th Madras Infantry. Young Jagannathiah was enlisted in the regiment as a pension boy on his father's death, when the boy was one year old, serving six years. Education was furnished by his cousin, and since his tenth year he has lived in Cuddapah and Bellary. In 1872 he was matriculated from the Government Provincial College, and afterwards served as teacher in the Provincial and Wardlaw Colleges, and as second head-master in the High School, Secunderabad, Deccan, for eight years. In religion he was a staunch Vishnava of the Visishtadwaita School, but read much in science and philosophy until 1874, when reading Buckle's *History of Civilization*, Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, and others his faith was shaken, and in 1875 contact with followers of materialism led at last to his joining the National Secular Society of England under Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. The Freethought Union of Madras was then joined.

In 1882 he first heard of Theosophy and the T.S. from a friend who was a Vedantin and good Sanskrit scholar. This led, after reading the early numbers of the *Theosophist*, to a correspondence with Damodar K. Mavalankar, who was at the Adyar Headquarters, and later to a visit there for a discussion of questions. There he met H.P.B., who had in her possession some of his contributions to newspapers. He also worked for awhile on the staff at Adyar. Damodar introduced him to H.P.B., and she discussed Theosophy with him for three days for about three hours a day. He says: "She satisfied me completely. I admired her genius very much, and her fund of knowledge on science, philosophy, and religion. I observed above all that her replies to my questions were complete answers to the main as well as to all possible side questions. On the 30th of December, 1882, she asked me if I had anything more to ask. I said, None, and she directed me to search the old Aryan religion and Upanishads, ending by suggesting that I join the T.S., with which I complied." He then began to write for Theosophy.

A question was raised, "Can a Secularist be a Theosophist?",

in the *National Reformer* of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, and Mrs. Besant then wrote strongly against his joining the T.S. He then wrote to Mr. Bradlaugh asking if freethinkers were bound by the dictates of Mrs. Besant, to which Mr. Bradlaugh said No. Mr. Jagannathiah then retired from the Union.

In 1885 he was an Inspector for the T.S. In 1887, with the other subject of this picture, he founded the Sanmarga Samaj on the lines of the T.S., and afterwards declared it a part of the T.S. Old members left, but by persistent work the Society was kept up and an immense amount of work done by both in preaching to the villages in the vernacular. He continued in the government service until July, 1894, when being transferred to another post he resigned, trusting to Nature, so that he might continue the work at Bellary with his friend, because he could not fulfill his promise to H.P.B. to work for the T.S. if he left his center of work. There at Bellary he is now, and while the work done is not one that the general T.S. public knows of, as it is in the vernacular, he and his friend keep up a constant preaching to the people, trying to infuse into them the truths of Theosophy for the betterment of their ideas of their own religions. Among other things done is the keeping up of a school well noticed by the Government.

T. A. Swaminatha Aiyar stands beside Jagannathiah, his friend and co-worker. He was born July, 1868, at Tiruvadi, Tanjore on the banks of the Cauvery. This is one of the strongest of the orthodox Brahman centers in Southern India, noted for its Vedic learning and Sanskrit knowledge. People come there to learn the Vedas, and there are about 800 pupils. All these are fed, clothed, and educated gratuitously. The teacher is a renowned man. There is there also a Free Sanskrit College, where the same sort of work is done under the gifts of the Tanjore Mahârâjâh. The greatest of astrologers and most renowned of poets hail from that small district. Brahmanical ceremonies are rigidly observed in all the houses.

Swaminatha belongs to a Vaidiki, a religious as distinguished from a lay family, renowned for its religious sacrifices and hence called Dikshita. His father is a native doctor and a proficient mantrika, or one who recites mantrams, and an elder brother is known as a singer of the Yajur Veda.

In his eighth year he was sent to an English school, and later to the Government High School until 1881. At 14 he matriculated from the Native High School of Coimbatore, went to St. Peter's College at Tanjore for four months, and through the first

in Arts at the State Government Provincial College of Trichinopoly. In 1884, while there, he joined the Sanmarga Sabha of that place. Taught school at Trichinopoly and became a clerk in the Revenue Department at Bellary. A natural leaning to religion and mysticism caused a want of companionship in such thought, and that led to acquaintance with Jagannathiah, with whom the Sanmarga Samaj was begun in 1887. This led to the T.S. naturally. After service in the Survey Office, the Government transferred him to Madras, and then he decided, like his friend, that he must be at Bellary, so he resigned and tried the work of a baker there, but this was not successful. Then work was obtained in a mercantile house until 1893, when the pressure of the T.S. work of the Samaj caused him to give that place up, and he too is now devoted to the work of his heart.

By both all they do is done under stress and strain, which reminds us of the way the work has to be done in America, with little money and few to help. But the unseen, powerful help of the great Initiates of the T.S. is behind this as well as other sincere work for the T.S., and it is to be hoped they will ere long be able to do more without being compelled to pinch and save for the sake of mere existence. Some help has been sent from month to month from American friends who believe in vernacular work in India, since the T.S. as an English movement cannot find the masses there. This has widened out, and may be heard of later as a combined work for India and America helped by the latter, benefitting both in all ways that may flow from the turning up of rare manuscripts of value and by more widely energizing India to help itself.

CONVERSATIONS ON OCCULTISM.

STUDENT.—Is there not some attitude of mind which one should in truth assume in order to understand the occult in Nature?

Sage.—Such attitude of mind must be attained as will enable one to look into the realities of things. The mind must escape from the mere formalities and conventions of life, even though outwardly one seems to obey all of them, and should be firmly established on the truth that Man is a copy of the Universe and has in himself a portion of the Supreme Being. To the extent this is realized will be the clearness of perception of truth. A realization of this leads inevitably to the conclusion that all other

men and beings are united with us, and this removes the egotism which is the result of the notion of separateness. When the truth of Unity is understood, then distinctions due to comparisons made like the Pharisee's, that one is better than his neighbor, disappear from the mind, leaving it more pure and free to act.

Student.—What would you point out as a principal foe to the mind's grasping of truth?

Sage.—The principal foe of a secondary nature is what was once called *phantasy*; that is, the reäppearance of thoughts and images due to recollection or memory. Memory is an important power, but mind in itself is not memory. Mind is restless and wandering in its nature, and must be controlled. Its wandering disposition is necessary or stagnation would result. But it can be controlled and fixed upon an object or idea. Now as we are constantly looking at and hearing of new things, the natural restlessness of the mind becomes prominent when we set about pinning it down. Then memory of many objects, things, subjects, duties, persons, circumstances, and affairs brings up before it the various pictures and thoughts belonging to them. After these the mind at once tries to go, and we find ourselves wandering from the point. It must hence follow that the storing of a multiplicity of useless and surely-recurring thoughts is an obstacle to the acquirement of truth. And this obstacle is the very one peculiar to our present style of life.

Student.—Can you mention some of the relations in which the sun stands to us and nature in respect to Occultism?

Sage.—It has many such, and all important. But I would draw your attention first to the greater and more comprehensive. The sun is the center of our solar system. The life-energies of that system come to it through the sun, which is a focus or reflector for the spot in space where the real center is. And not only comes mere life through that focus, but also much more that is spiritual in its essence. The sun should therefore not only be looked at with the eye but thought of by the mind. It represents to the world what the Higher Self is to the man. It is the soul-center of the world with its six companions, as the Higher Self is the center for the six principles of man. So it supplies to those six principles of the man many spiritual essences and powers. He should for that reason think of it and not confine himself to gazing at it. So far as it acts materially in light, heat, and gravity, it will go on of itself, but man as a free agent must think upon it in order to gain what benefit can come only from his voluntary action in thought.

Student.—Will you refer to some minor one?

Sage.—Well, we sit in the sun for heat and possible chemical effects. But if at the same time that we do this we also think on it as the sun in the sky and of its possible essential nature, we thereby draw from it some of its energy not otherwise touched. This can also be done on a dark day when clouds obscure the sky, and some of the benefit thus be obtained. Natural mystics, learned and ignorant, have discovered this for themselves here and there, and have often adopted the practice. But it depends, as you see, upon the mind.

Student.—Does the mind actually do anything when it takes up a thought and seeks for more light?

Sage.—It actually does. A thread, or a finger, or a long darting current flies out from the brain to seek for knowledge. It goes in all directions and touches all other minds it can reach so as to receive the information if possible. This is telepathically, so to say, accomplished. There are no patents on true knowledge of philosophy nor copyrights in that realm. Personal rights of personal life are fully respected, save by potential black magicians who would take anyone's property. But general truth belongs to all, and when the unseen messenger from one mind arrives and touches the real mind of another, that other gives up to it what it may have of truth about general subjects. So the mind's finger or wire flies until it gets the thought or seed-thought from the other and makes it its own. But our modern competitive system and selfish desire for gain and fame is constantly building a wall around people's minds to everyone's detriment.

Student.—Do you mean that the action you describe is natural, usual, and universal, or only done by those who know how and are conscious of it?

Sage.—It is universal and whether the person is aware or not of what is going on. Very few are able to perceive it in themselves, but that makes no difference. It is done always. When you sit down to earnestly think on a philosophical or ethical matter, for instance, your mind flies off, touching other minds, and from them you get varieties of thought. If you are not well-balanced and psychically purified, you will often get thoughts that are not correct. Such is your Karma and the Karma of the race. But if you are sincere and try to base yourself on right philosophy, your mind will naturally reject wrong notions. You can see in this how it is that systems of thought are made and kept going, even though foolish, incorrect, or pernicious.

Student.—What mental attitude and aspiration are the best

safeguards in this, as likely to aid the mind in these searches to reject error and not let it fly into the brain?

Sage.—Unselfishness, Altruism in theory and practice, desire to do the will of the Higher Self which is the "Father in Heaven", devotion to the human race. Subsidiary to these are discipline, correct thinking, and good education.

Student.—Is the uneducated man, then, in a worse condition?

Sage.—Not necessarily so. The very learned are so immersed in one system that they reject nearly all thoughts not in accord with preconceived notions. The sincere ignorant one is often able to get the truth but not able to express it. The ignorant masses generally hold in their minds the general truths of Nature, but are limited as to expression. And most of the best discoveries of scientific men have been obtained in this sub-conscious telepathic mode. Indeed, they often arrive in the learned brain from some obscure and so-called ignorant person, and then the scientific discoverer makes himself famous because of his power of expression and means for giving it out.

Student.—Does this bear at all upon the work of the Adepts of all good Lodges?

Sage.—It does. They have all the truths that could be desired, but at the same time are able to guard them from the seeking minds of those who are not yet ready to use them properly. But they often find the hour ripe and a scientific man ready, and then touch his cogitating mind with a picture of what he seeks. He then has a "flash" of thought in the line of his deliberations, as many of them have admitted. He gives it out to the world, becomes famous, and the world wiser. This is constantly done by the Adepts, but now and then they give out larger expositions of Nature's truths, as in the case of H.P.B. This is not at first generally accepted, as personal gain and fame are not advanced by any admission of benefit from the writings of another, but as it is done with a purpose, for the use of a succeeding century, it will do its work at the proper time.

Student.—How about the Adepts knowing what is going on in the world of thought, in the West, for instance?

Sage.—They have only to voluntarily and consciously connect their minds with those of the dominant thinkers of the day to at once discover what has been or is being worked out in thought and to review it all. This they constantly do, and as constantly incite to further elaborations or changes by throwing out the suggestion in the mental plane so that seeking and receptive minds may use it.

RIGHT ACTION.

IN defining Philosophy, Professor Ferrier said that "Philosophy is not Truth, but reasoned Truth". And although it may be objected that Truth in its widest aspect must include "reasoned Truth" or Philosophy, yet to a great extent because the West has such imperfect knowledge of the real nature of Mind and of its inner workings, Truth has come to be regarded too much simply as knowledge of *facts*, of such facts as can be demonstrated *scientifically*, and of their relations and sequence on this plane only. All else is regarded more or less as speculative and uncertain. It is said that we can really know only what Science can demonstrate; other things may be true, we shall be glad if they are true, but they must first be *proved* true before we can regard them seriously. And so Philosophy, the "reasoned Truth" which endeavors to get at the *how* and the *why* of things, and which in so doing passes into the realm of metaphysics, is regarded, at least in its deeper aspect, as speculative; for although it accepts the facts of Science, it transcends Science and cannot be demonstrated according to modern scientific methods. If we take Religion in its true sense, as that which binds back men to the source of all, and so binds man to man on the inner planes of being, and which must include "right action" and "right living", we may see that Philosophy is the link between Science and Religion, that it completes the one and makes possible the other.

It is not enough *to know*, we must do more, we must endeavor *to know how*, and *to know why*. And although the ultimate *how* and *why* may be beyond us, may even transcend our powers of conception, yet it should be our aim to ever approximate to that ultimate. The history of man in all ages shows that he is ever impelled to seek the solution of this problem. Now in one way, now in another, man has sought to learn the *wherefore* and meaning of existence. The great religions of the world; the philosophies of all times; ancient and modern Science; these with their cosmogonies and theories of creation and emanation, of evolution and development, all are pages in the history of man's inner life, spiritual, moral, and mental; and could we read aright we could trace how at times he has risen till he has stood in the clear light of Truth, how too often he has sunk into the depths of shadow and illusion.

Where do we stand to-day in our seeking after Wisdom? What

guide-posts have we to direct our course? Shall we follow the teachings of any one of the World-religions, or shall we take modern philosophy or modern science as a guide? But how can we know *which* of all these to follow? Surely we are in great perplexity, for before we can intelligently know which is the best guide we ought to study and compare all these teachings; otherwise we may make a great mistake and follow a false guide, when a little patience, a little investigation and study, would have shown us a true one. If we are to live rightly, to act rightly, we must have a right basis and we must think rightly. But it is claimed that even a slight comparative study of the great religions will reveal that their ethics are almost identical, and that if we can go deeper into this study we shall be forced to the conclusion that all had a common origin. So that while it is profitable to pursue such a course of study and if possible to add to it the study of philosophy and modern Science, yet even if this is beyond our power we need not despair nor become indifferent.

For what is it that is really necessary in order that we may act rightly? It may indeed be that to act rightly in an ultimate sense, ultimate knowledge is needed; but for each one to act rightly where he is depends upon his efforts to use the knowledge he now has, and upon his striving to reach his ideal. For each one has an ideal of some sort, perhaps a very high and holy ideal which he cherishes in his heart of hearts, and yet because it is so high he may too often fail to even remember it. A little thought will show that we have different ideals at different times, and that these are constantly changing. This must be so even if our ultimate ideal remains the same. That action is right action for each one which is done as far as possible with reference to one's ideal. By endeavoring to act up to our ideals we test them and make it possible for us to form new and higher ideals. A man's ideal is the unconscious result of his philosophy, and, strange as it may seem, the only way to obtain a true philosophy is not so much by studying as primarily and especially by living and acting, by living and acting up to one's ideal. So let the student ponder over the words of Jesus: "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching;" and let him also meditate on the words of a far earlier teacher, Krishna; "He who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time."

J. H. F.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME.

AS the student of Nature watches even his small corner of the world-wide Screen of Time, he sees with delight the things of history appear, disperse, and reäppear. It was in this mood that I received, on the 12th of August last, a gift which was at once a reminiscence and a prediction.

We have eternal friends, souls of one Ray, our kindred from dawn to dawn. One such sent me two curious family relics, bought from an impoverished woman in one of the oldest towns in France: these relics were the Masonic cross and apron of her grandfather, who had received the cross prior to the French Revolution, the apron just at the close of that stormy time. They bear evidence of his having been a member of that branch of the Rosicrucian Society which was founded by Cagliostro, who suffered imprisonment in consequence of his having founded a secret society.

The detail of these objects evidences the oriental inspiration of the real, the *secret* — now, as then, secret — Rosicrucian fraternity. The cross, surmonnted with a crown, is of green garnets and crystals, set in silver. In its center is a picture, done in black and gold enamel upon a mother-of-pearl ground, of a small cross with a rose heart; in front of the cross a pelican upon a funeral pyre plucks at her breast. Below this, eleven degrees are marked off. The woman said she had been told when a child that these marks signified the Masonic degrees taken by her grandfather, but there is a mystic significance attaching to the number eleven. On the back of the jewel is another picture, done in the same way, of a larger "rosie crosse", surmounted with the letters INRI. The apron is an oblong of white lamb's skin, sewn with small round gilt spangles, either in groups of five or singly (like sun symbols), and is trimmed with gold lace now tarnished. At the top, over skulls and crossed-bones, are the letters S. H. O. (Société Hermetique Orientale). In the center a rough double triangle is formed by square and compass; in the middle of this a flamboyant six-pointed star has the letter C or G as its seventh point. The one letter would stand for Cagliostro, the other for St. Germain. Upon a bridge in the lower foreground are the letters L.D.P., historically attributed to Cagliostro; each letter is stopped by a triangle made in dots. The bridge crosses from the

west to the east, and Cagliostro, agent of the Universal Lodge, was the bridge or path — sometimes called "the Door" in mysticism — between the eastern and western branches of that Lodge which is ever one. The bridge has four buttresses and three arches ("four bases and three aspects"); it spans a ravine in which are strewn the mutilated remains of human beings among X crosses of black magic made by cross-bones. Above the bridge, a tree of life has seven branches, one double (an eighth sphere attached?). The path leads from a locked and barred castle, black in color and surmounted or overshadowed by nine hierarchies of flames, on the left or west, to the right, where a flamboyant sun of orange and red proclaims the East. This sun rises at the side of a grotto bearing a rude resemblance to the human back brain. At a central and upper point projects a curious green growth, like a stem or a gland; below it on one side stands the mystic soma cup, on the other side is a moon-shaped crucible. A small sword has been thrown down in front of the grotto, and the same symbol reäppears, much larger, over the grotto, grasped in a hand whose huge arm is red; the handle of this sword is red and orange, the blade is green. One symbol shows that the wearer or traveller, having gone from the negative (black) to the positive world, is now an active participant grasping and using both the subjective and objective will. My learned friend, Mr. James M. Pryse, tells me that the apron has Masonic, magnetic, and Rosicrucian keys.

In the November number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is an article upon the Rosicrucians. It is headed by a picture which will have a peculiar interest for some students. By what action of that force which we call "chance" has this apparently irrelevant article been injected into these up-to-date pages? At a period in last century corresponding to our present date (almost) the writer of this article states the Rosicrucians to have disappeared. Is not this one of those floating straws which show the motion of the stream beneath — apparently so glassy and inert? The *real* Rosicrucian Society began before the date given and continues to this day, but the stream subsides into its underground channels when the century's effort is over, and the members of the hidden force — who have not been known as such, or at all, save to a very few workers on the objective plane — work after another fashion until the last half of another century brings the moment when their chiefly-unseen but always-vigilant aid must again be given to the leaders and members of the new open movement. Some know that H.P.B. had there her most powerful helpers and supporters. Her Rosicrucian jewel (shaped like

the pelican in the small center of mine, but of silver) will occur to the mind.

A friend of H.P.B. tells me that she said that at the close of the present cycle the Lodge would temporarily cease to work among men in the present direct fashion, except through the channel of the T.S., should that body then be in forceful existence. As a glacier pushes its way and leaves each year a landmark planted further in the fields of its choice, so the Lodge forces will not withdraw from any real, fixed station won for its manifestation by our effort. Hours of struggle are upon us, and it may cheer us to go over certain known things It is always helpful to pass the countersign. And H.P.B. said further that we should be in bad case next century if we failed now.

As in universal action force flows from hierarchy to hierarchy, from world to world, from cell-unit to cell-unit by established channels only, so the guardians of the Secret Wisdom, followers of Nature's laws, have everywhere their posts. Not alone in the East. It is not only Eastern Occultism, but Eastern and Western, two objective poles of one spiritual hierarchy, with a great teacher, twin-brothers in work and duty, in each division, with spiritual chiefs "above", and follows and helpers of all degrees in succession. "The Lodge is everywhere." Such Teachers take bodies of Eastern or Western heredity for their temporary habitations; the force generated through these bodies or physical bases for projection upon the physical plane must be magnetically and psychically homogeneous to the ray or sphere of the work. After the dawn of the Christian era, the Western mind, slowly involving the World-Manas, was more readily to be reached by the symbols adopted from antiquity by the early Christians, for these symbols were crystallized in their etheric environment and were those which had most life there at that time. Hence the rosie cross which had a sweet and secret heart, and was the same abode of the same spirit as the lotus-petalled heart of the East.

The visible agents of the last century worked under both directors, as I gather, but each one had someone superior to whom he immediately looked, and one brother inferior in knowledge who was his immediate assistant. Any member of the Lodge in any degree may have a number of "twin-souls" in all degrees, but one link of a chain must be objectively and relatively nearer to two others than to all. St. Germain, Cagliostro, Mesmer: one Adept and two Chelas. H.P.B. and her original trimurti completed by H. S. Olcott and William Q. Judge. Then, as now, there were other ardent workers, but as we look down the lines

of the centuries here and there the mystic triad of pioneers reappears.

The human mind has a tendency to exalt what is distant. Prophets are naught in their own country, and cities are least known to their inhabitants. The young in occultism are sometimes drawn eastward by this trait, which has its root in the attraction of contraries. The tendency is toward forgetfulness of this linked succession, and that our soul *chose* for its next step the environment where we now are. Prophets may have a mission to other lands, but the dweller in cities may find rich rewards close to his hand. The Eastern race had earlier fruitage, and the coronal flowers of her achievement are those perfect souls who are as the pole-star to heaven-aspiring minds. Such men are not confined to bodies of that nation in which they first attained, but take such houses in such lands as the great work of human service may demand. To-day the West is the hope of the future race as of the present. To-day the elder brothers of men look to that West for objective aid as for racial evolutionary development. Individual men may still pass on to perfection everywhere, but the evolutionary forces tend westward now and must thence reäct back upon the East.

H.P.B., true to her mission of breaking up old moulds of mind, fixed modes of thought, attacked all forms from which the spirit had fled. The nascent Manas of the new race must not be smothered in the musty cradle of old forms. The husks of all creeds were in turn by her assailed. Readers of the early numbers of the *Theosophist* will find her dealing with the materialized dogmatic forms of the East just as she dealt with those of the West. She encountered the hostility of eminent Brahmins and prominent Christians then as now. This must inevitably occur when the spiritual pride of a race or the "modern spirit" of a nation is touched by a mordant such as hers. Intellectuality oftimes outruns spiritual (universal) intuition. The saddest shadows which hurry across our Screen are those of some Western occultists who went eastward, of some Eastern Chelas who came westward—to fail.

It ought to be more generally understood that H.P.B. not only disclaimed infallibility, but also deliberately put herself on record as having both made mistakes and "done wrong" as we would say. Her large nature was reckless of self. And yet some clues were left which we may follow. She wrote to Mr. Judge: "When I am dead and gone you will know that I never, never deceived any one, but that I was often forced to let others deceive themselves". It is told that she said to another and a less experienced

friend: "Would you believe that I had done wrong if you were to see it in my own writing?" We can imagine the friend's loving answer. Ah! may it go well with both the living and the "dead" friend's memory in the hour of test.

But those two cries of hers show her heart craving for a faith and trust that should outlast her bodily life, outlive her generous self judgment; something of heart-knowledge; had she not won it fairly? Soul-recognition, had she not revived our memory of soul? She longed for that intuitive understanding which scorns material proof or disproof of subjective realities. The touchstone of soul is soul.

It is not yet too late, if, as I believe, she lives, consciously lives and works on. Whelps of the old Lion of the Punjaub, which of you will cry to her: Had'st thou writ thy fault up large upon the halls of the universe, thou had'st not so deceived me —never.

"It is possible to have a splendid loyalty and yet be wise."

JULIUS.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST announces a series of letters on current topics by Jasper Niemand, to begin with the November number.

LETTERS OF H.P.B. which begin in this number are of absorbing interest. They have all been secured for the PATH, and the publication of them will continue until every one is out; then it is hoped to reprint in book form. All rights are reserved.

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST for November contains two important articles, —one by Dr. Jerome A. Anderson explaining the disastrous effect of alcohol upon the human system in the light of Theosophy, and one by Dr. Allen Griffiths detailing very fully the processes in the admirable "Training Classes" which are doing such excellent work on the Pacific Coast.—[A.F.]

LIGHT OF THE EAST for September has an article on "Idolatry", explaining and defending Hindû practice. It is able and plausible, and has a certain amount of truth, notably on the first two pages, but the test of any system is not in abstract arguments but in patent results, and certainly these do not verify idol-worship and multiplied forms as means of grace. A tenderness for Spiritualism appears through this issue, and all the old malignity towards the T.S.,—facts possibly connected.—[A.F.]

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD, reviewed elsewhere in this number of the PATH, may be had from Mr. Harry Steele Budd, agent of the publishers for the entire Theosophical Society. Until December 31st the price of the work will be $5.00 plus postage or express charges, since the book is very large and heavy. After that time the price will be raised to $7.50. Subscriptions from abroad will be received at 25 shillings. All orders from members of the T.S. should be sent to Harry Steele Budd, 144 Madison avenue, New York City.

ROSY MITE, OR THE WITCH'S SPELL, by Madame Vera Petrovna Jelihovsky, Madame Blavatsky's sister, is a charming little fairy-story. A little girl whose heart is filled with love and kindness to all animals is changed by a

witch to a size of an inch or so, and during her enforced life among insects and rodents reaps the reward of her previous beneficence. Three great acts of generous self-sacrifice restore her to her size and kinsfolk. The moral is clear, but is never obtruded, and the book is good for children because so healthy and so pleasingly suggestive. (For sale by the PATH.)—[A.F.]

AESCH MEZAREPH, or Purifying Fire, a Chymico-Kabalistic Treatise, is Vol. IV of the *Collectanea Hermetica* edited by Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, and has a preface by Sapere Aude. We are told that they who will to become wise should live in the South, that the crackling of tin shadows forth severity and judicial rigor, the name of the Bloody Animal Dob who is both "volatile" and biting, and other singular facts which no one would be likely to know without reading this book. It may be ordered through the PATH for $1.00, and its 60 pages furnish as many mysteries as that sum could probably purchase in any land on earth.—[A.F.]

CHEIRO'S *Language of the Hand* is a finely gotten up book on palmistry or cheiromancy. There are thirty-three full-page illustrations and two hundred engravings of lines, mounts, and marks of the hand, also drawings of Doré's seven types. Some of the pictures are full-sized camphor-smoke prints of hands of living persons, such as Madame Bernhardt, Colonel Ingersoll, Mark Twain, and others. Cheiro, the author, is practising hand-reading in New York, and was kind enough to read my palm. The text is divided into three parts: I, Description of hands and other matters; II, Rules for Reading; III, Illustrative types. Cheiro says he spent some time in India and there studied the art. In the introductory chapter he describes a very curious book on hands made on human skin and now in India. Cheiro's skill has been often tested in Europe and America, and this book is a valuable contribution to a more or less lost art. But of course no author can ever give to his readers the psychic faculty that is needed for a right reading by those who cannot master and remember intricate rules and numerous exceptions. With the aid of this book a good insight can be gained into what is now known of palmistry. The binding is black boards with large white lettering; 162 pages exclusive of large plates. (Price, $2.00. Orderable from PATH.)

OCTOBER THEOSOPHIST begins the sixteenth volume, and also the second, the "Oriental", Series of "Old Diary Leaves". Chapter I opens with very just remarks as to H.P.B.'s being a greater puzzle to one who knew her in so many phases as did Col. Olcott than to those who saw her only as an Adept or as a medium for the Teachers, and describes the dreary, storm-tossed voyages to London and thence to Bombay. In London three of the party met a Master in the street, and afterwards learned that he had called upon H.P.B. and there been met by their informant. The next evening H.P.B. explained something of her dual personality, her hair and eyebrows became black, and one hand changed to the shape and color of a male Hindû's. The next day her hair was still dark, but she restored its color by passing her hand several times over it. In words from the heart the Colonel describes his emotions on first touching Indian soil, and his continued love for the people. "Black Magic in Russia" tells of strange possession and sorcery there. The President Founder gives the reasons for selecting and preserving Adyar as the Headquarters, and announces the resignation of Mr. Walter R. Old as Treasurer and Recording Secretary because unable to accept the official statement of the inquiry before the Judicial Committee in London. He will, however, still continue to work privately in England, conscience only exacting a surrender of office in an unhealthy climate like Madras. The *Theosophist's* reviews preserve their modest proportions, Mrs. Besant's "Outline of the Soul" receiving three lines and August PATH four. *Siftings* has four and one-half.—[A.F.]

OCTOBER LUCIFER, the second issue since H.P.B.'s title-piece and motto were discarded, has a cordial notice of Prof. Huxley's "Essays", ending with a witty biography. "Tibetan Teachings" gives a very clear exposition of the doctrine of "spirits" by an advanced disciple. "The Forgiveness of Sins", H. Ernest Nichol, is no mere Theological treatise, but a warm exposition of how Theosophy interprets pardon and of the place Love holds in it. The solution of the three questions in "A Forgotten Story" is beautiful and ingenious,

sadly as the story ends. Mr. Mead's review of Max Müller's *Lectures on the Vedanta Philosophy* points out most discriminatingly their strong and their weak points, and especially brings into view their concession to Karma and Reincarnation. Mr. Mead, in his turn, might perhaps concede some "rubbish" in the Indian Scriptures, and perhaps he will after he has studied as long as Max Müller. Moderation, that keynote to the system of the blessed Confucius, sometimes comes with years and with observation of the dangers from over-devotion to things Eastern. "Divine Love the Life of the World" is a master-piece of nonsense, an unsurpassed jumble of phrases without meaning, marvellously like "She went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple-pie, etc., etc." The fifth sentence on page 141 might well be added to the examination scene in *Verdant Green*. To every reader's great regret "The Veil of Mâyâ" ends, ends sadly though beautifully, and everyone must plead for another story from "I. P. H." *Lucifer* now leaves the rest of the page blank wherever an article happens to terminate, and Éliphas Lévi concludes his profound studies on the number six.—[A. F.]

The Egyptian Book of the Dead, by Dr. Chas. H. S. Davis, is a large folio volume of 180 pages and 99 full-page plates. It is from the Knickerbocker Press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, this city; is well printed, and substantially bound in dark-green cloth, with a side stamp in hieroglyphic characters giving the Egyptian title of the work. The first chapter describes the gods of the Egyptian pantheon, showing their attributes as symbolized in the Egyptian religion. There are 27 illustrations of the chief gods and goddesses. Their names are given in the original tongue and analysed, showing in their meanings the concepts back of the names. The second chapter, on the "Mythology and Religion of the Ancient Egyptians", is the result of much careful study on the part of Dr. Davis. He begins with these pregnant words from the prophecy of Hermes Trismegistus: "Oh, Egypt! Egypt! Of thy religion fables only will remain, which thy disciples will understand as little as they do thy religion. Words cut into stone will alone remain telling of thy pious deeds. The Scythians, or the dwellers by the Indus, or some other barbarian will inhabit thy fair land." And this prophecy has been amply fulfilled, for the modern Egyptologist knows, as a rule, nothing of the esoteric and true meaning of the texts and figures he studies. (Why cannot some of the students in the T. S. apply to the interpretation of the *Book of the Dead* the keys given by H. P. B. in the *Secret Doctrine*?) Explaining, and in part lifting, the veil of symbolism which was the exoteric teaching, the translator shows clearly the belief of the Egyptians in the One Life, or the Nameless One, quoting hymn after hymn in proof and culminating with a passage from the *Ritual* which Lepsius translates, "Ich bin Tum, ein Wesen das ich eines bin", and calling attention to the similarly constructed sentence, "I and my Father are One". The beauty and majesty of some of these hymns are hardly to be equalled in the literature of the world. In this chapter, also, we find the ancient doctrine of the Septenary Constitution of Man very explicitly set forth, and further on (p. 47) the power of Adepts to project a Mâyavi-rûpa is hinted at. The next chapter is a critical introduction to the *Book of the Dead*. The author describes the different MSS. of the work; the mode of translating; the different modern editions; compares it with the sacred books of the other great world-religions; and then gives a scholarly *résumé* of the 165 chapters composing it. The writer makes the claim (p. 53, note) that "the oldest existing Sanskrit manuscripts were written only a few centuries ago, while some of our Egyptian papyri are not less than 4000 years old". The next section is a translation of the *Ritual* itself. It is based on Pierret's *Livre des Morts*. This French work was a careful rendering of the Turin papyrus, and was as exact and trustworthy as the state of the science of Egyptology admitted. No translation, unless by an advanced student of occult symbolism, can ever be quite satisfactory. The most that exoteric scholars can do is to give as literal as possible a rendering of the original; this may then be studied by Theosophists, who can interpret the symbols according to their knowledge. An example may be taken from line 4, chapter 1. The translator reads, "I am the eternal! the son of the eternal," etc. The word translated "eternal" in the original is TAT. To the average reader the rendering "eternal" would be more satisfactory, but the Theosophist would best know what is really meant by Tat. Following the transla-

tion are the 20 plates in fac-simile of the hieratic papyrus of the Louvre, and the 79 plates of the hieroglyphic papyrus of Turin, all of them admirably reproduced. We would call the attention of students to the vignette in the upper left-hand corner of Plate LVI and the accompanying description on p. 146. Messrs. Putnam's Sons and also the translator merit unlimited thanks for having placed this valuable work in the hands of students at a price not prohibitory.—[H.S.B.]

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

AMERICA.

VEDANTA T.S., Omaha, Neb., has secured a room in the New York Life Building to be used hereafter as a headquarters.

MR. JOHN M. PRYSE lectured on November 2d at White Lotus Center, 328 East Houston street, New York, upon *The Theosophy of the Children of the Sun.*

MERIDEN T.S., Meriden, Conn., was chartered on November 17th with nine charter-members, and ranks ninety-ninth on the American roll. It is part of the fruits of the work of Mr. Burcham Harding.

ARYAN T.S. had Sunday lectures in November: *Materialism*, Alexander Fullerton; *The History of a World*, Jos. H. Fussell; "*In the Beginning*", Miss K. Hillard; *Scientific Religion*, Dr. E. B. Guild.

"H.P.B." T. S. had Sunday evening lectures in November: *Occult Brotherhoods of the Past*, C. F. Wright; *Infidelity*, Alex. Fullerton; *The Birth of a World*, Jos. H. Fussell; *Theosophic Light on Mundane Paths*, Jas. H. Connelly.

BRISTOL T.S., Bristol, Conn., was chartered on November 17th with seven charter-members. It, like the Meriden Branch, is due to the earnest labor of Mr. Harding, and it has the distinction of being the one hundredth Branch on our roll.

BURCHAM HARDING has been busily engaged in forming centers in the state of Connecticut. Lectures were given at Bristol, and a new impetus given to the work. Lectures at Waterbury, Middletown, and Southington resulted in centers being formed at each place. On November 4th a visit was made to Hartford, and assistance given in the class. On the 11th an address on *Reïncarnation* was given before the Ethical Culture Society at Dorchester, and the same subject was dealt with at the Boston Headquarters in the evening. The classes working at Lynn, Lowell, and Cambridge were visited and found to be doing good work. On the 18th lectures were delivered before the Cambridge and Boston Branches upon the *Evolution of the Mind.*

THE GENERAL SECRETARY went to Washington, D.C., on November 7th and lectured on *Theosophy and Human Life* at the Metzerott Hall. On the 8th he went to Baltimore and spoke to a full meeting of members and friends at the rooms of the Hermes Council T.S., thence returning to New York. On the 12th he went to Buffalo, and lectured at night in the large parlors of the Genesee Hotel to about 150 persons on *Theosophy.* On the 13th he held a reception at the same place from three to five o'clock, and in the evening addressed a meeting of the Branch on general Theosophical topics. On the 14th he went to Syracuse and lectured at the Branch-rooms on *Theosophy, what it is and what it is not*, having previously in the afternoon held a meeting of members from three to four. On the 15th he lectured to the public on *Reïncarnation and Karma*, returning to New York that night.

KARMA LODGE, Edgewood Park, Allegheny Co., Pa., is a new department of work begun by the Pittsburg Branch. Five members of the Branch have taken a house in the suburbs and are now living there. They call it "Karma

Lodge", and the object is to endeavor to make it a center for Theosophical work and propaganda, though in no sense apart from the Branch. It is really an aid to that by infusing new strength into it. The house is managed on a coöperative basis, each member being required to do his or her share of household duty and to contribute to expenses. When the parlor and dining-room are thrown into one, a good-sized meeting can be held. Each Friday evening a meeting of Branch members has place there, Theosophical questions are asked and discussed, special attention being given to the subject for the following Branch meeting. Plans for the improvement of Branch work are also presented. Karma Lodge will gladly entertain lecturers on Theosophy, and also visitors from other Branches when practicable.

CLAUDE FALLS WRIGHT returned to New York from Boston on Oct. 27th. Oct. 30th he spoke at the regular Aryan meeting, and on Sunday, Nov. 4th, he lectured at Harlem on *Occult Brotherhoods of the Past*. He then started out on his winter tour. He left for Pittsburg, Pa., on the 6th. On Tuesday he addressed a meeting of the Society at its rooms on *The Mission of the T.S.* On Thursday another meeting was held there. On Friday he addressd a meeting of the Society at Karma Lodge. Sunday, the 11th, he spoke at Lafayette Hall on *Reincarnation*, and on Tuesday in the same hall on *Occultism*. On Wednesday, 14th, he lectured at Carnegie Hall in Allegheny to a full audience on *H.P.B.* Thursday, the 15th, he addressed a business meeting of the Pittsburg Society at its rooms, and on Friday evening another meeting at Karma Lodge. On Saturday evening he left for Sandusky, Ohio. On Sunday evening he addressed a meeting at Mrs. Davis's on *Theosophy*, and on Monday, the 19th, be lectured on *Reincarnation* in Mahala Hall. Mr. Wright now tours west through Ohio, Michigan, and Missouri to Denver, Col.

PACIFIC COAST.

KESHAVA T.S., Riverside, Calif., has rented for Sunday use a room in the Odd Fellows' Building, seating about one hundred. Since the formation of the Branch there appears to have been a decided growth of liberal sentiment in the town.

PACIFIC T.S., Watsonville, Calif., one of the Branches formed by Dr. Allen Griffiths, Pacific Coast Lecturer, was chartered on November 5th with seven charter-members, it ranking ninety-eighth on the American roll. Mr. Humphrey Hetherington is President, and Mr. Wm. H. P. Hill is Secretary.

KSHANTI T.S., Victoria, B.C., has acquired a good hall, capable of accommodating over one hundred persons, with a public lecture every Sunday evening. One lecture, *Theosophy and Christianity*, was a reply to an attack by a local minister, and was published in full by one of the daily papers. The new headquarters are in a central part of Victoria, and will undoubtedly greatly help Branch work. It is largely through the visit of the Rev. Mr. Copeland in August that this new step has been taken.

FOREIGN.

CEYLON.

AT THE CINNAMON GARDENS in Columbo a school is being conducted by Mrs. M. M. Higgins for the benefit of Singhalese girls, who are mostly Buddhists. There are twenty-one boarders and almost the same number of day scholars. The temporary building was erected last January on land devoted by Mr. Peter d'Abrew. The building is made of mud and poles, roofed with palm leaves, and yet is very comfortable, but cannot last many years. Besides, it will soon be filled. A society called the Ceylon Educational League has been formed to aid the work of this school, and the school has been called by them the Musæus Girls' Orphanage School, Musæus being the maiden name of Mrs. Higgins. The League desires to secure funds for a permanent building on the land, and to interest people so as to found yearly scholarships for orphan girls and similar schools in other localities in the island. A large number of the pupils are now orphans or destitute. The pupils are taught common and higher English Branches, ancient and modern languages, music, drawing, some of the useful arts of needlework, cookery, and gardening. So far the deficiencies in the accounts of the school have been met by Mr. d'Abrew,

but his means are limited and the League desires to appeal to fellow Theosophists and friends of humanity for aid. Neither Mrs. Higgins nor the other American workers who have been with her two years receive any salary. It is thought that £10 would furnish food, clothing, instruction, books for a girl for one year, and it is earnestly hoped that friends of women's education in America will respond to the appeal. The working committee of the League has ten ladies and gentlemen. Subscriptions can be sent either direct to the President, Mrs. M. M. Higgins, 6 Brownrigg street, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, Ceylon, or to the General Secretary of the American Section. In the latter case the letter accompanying the remittance should specifically state the object of the remittance, and all such will be promptly forwarded to Ceylon.

HAWAII.

HONOLULU maintains a steady interest in Theosophy. Members are growing more enthusiastic, and two public meetings each week continue to be well attended. One of these is devoted to half-hour addresses followed by questions from the audience, the other to lectures only. During October the following subjects were presented: *The Seven Principles*; *What follows after Death*; *Karma and Reïncarnation*; *The Hindû Bible*; *The Astral Light*; *Theosophy and Morals*; *Nature of the Soul*; *Occultism*; *The Higher Self*. The study class continues to meet Wednesday evenings. Mrs. T. R. Foster has begun work among the children, opening a Lotus Circle on Sunday morning, October 7th, with nine pupils. She is assisted in this work by her brother, Mr. M. P. Robinson. Meetings are held at the T.S. Headquarters, to whose furnishing Mrs. Foster has added a parlor organ for the benefit of the children. Another recent addition to these rooms is a crayon portrait of H.P.B. presented by Mrs. von Haaslocker, fomerly of Honolulu.

ENGLAND.

Propaganda with teachers. It is proposed to send leaflets and circulars to members of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, which includes numbers of thoughtful men and women. It has 5000 members.

Mr. Mead, the General Secretary, made a tour in November of the Northern Lodges which have come into a Federation for work.

Federation of South England Lodges is being mooted on lines similar to those of the North Country. However, for the present it will be done probably by mail, as Lodges in the South are far apart.

H.P.B. Home will have to be closed for want of active support in work and funds. H.P.B. often said she would like to see such a home sustained, and it is a pity that it will have to be given up.

Countess Wachtmeister has been in London for a time en route to Switzerland. Some of the Dublin members met her at Queenstown. She lectured at Dublin, Southport, Liverpool, and Brighton just before leaving England. In each case she had a packed audience.

Blavatsky Lodge, London, meetings have been well attended. A special feature of the syllabus has been lectures by members of country Lodges. For instance, W. A. Bulmer, editor of the *Northern Theosophist*, gave a lecture on Pilate's question, *What is Truth?*, and on November 22d Oliver Firth of Bradford was the lecturer. ALICE CLEATHER.

AUSTRALASIA.

AUCKLAND, New Zealand (October 3d). During the past month the following papers have been read and lectures given in connection with the local Theosophical Lodge: on September 7th Mrs. Draffin read a paper upon *Our Relations to the Masters*; on September 14th Mr. W. C. Sanders read a paper upon *The Two Paths*; on Sunday evening, September 16th, Mrs. Draffin lectured upon *Immortality of the Spirit*; on September 21st Mrs. Draffin, in the absence of Mr. S. Stewart (sick), read a paper upon *The Meaning and Use of Pain*; on September 28th Mrs. S. E. Hughes read a paper upon *Karma, the Rule of Life*; on September 30th, Sunday evening, Mr. Draffin replied to various criticisms upon the Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT and her daughter were welcomed to Sydney by Branch members, and then amply interviewed by reporters at the Society's rooms. For nearly a fortnight there was then a whirl of activity, there being lectures

every night in the Opera House to crowded audiences, and streams of people coming and going daily to the rooms where Mrs. Besant held public interviews from 11 to 2 for the first week, the second being taken up with private talks to members and others. There were crowded Branch meetings on each Sunday when she lectured on *Yoga* and *The States after Death*. People unable to enter sat on the stairs and listened through the open window and door. She sailed for New Zealand on her birthday, October 1st. An increased sale of literature is one result of her visit, and another is the increased attendance at lectures, the last being by Mr. Willans on *Karma*.

NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN ASIATIC AND SANSKRIT REVIVAL SOCIETY

Has for its objects: Historical and scientific research into the ancient literature of India and other Asiatic countries; the collection, preservation, and translation of ancient and modern palm-leaf and other manuscripts to be found in India and other Asiatic countries; maintaining a library for the preservation of the same when collected and for the uses of the Society; taking such measures as may be necessary to promote the revival of Sanskrit learning in India, by employing pandits as translators or teachers; and otherwise, in all ways directly in the line of Asiatic research and Sanskrit revival, to take such steps toward those ends as are proper. Board of Trustees: Clement A. Griscom Jr., E. Aug. Neresheimer, Donald Nicholson, A. H. Spencer, Alexander Fullerton, Elliott B. Page, William Q. Judge. President, William Q. Judge; Secretary, Elliott B. Page.

It was organized November 17, 1894, at 144 Madison Avenue, and is incorporated under the laws of New York. It already has thirty-three Indian manuscripts. The work begun by the Nigamagama Dharma Sabha, heretofore noticed in these pages, will be carried on by the A.A. & S.R.S. It is meant for the general public rather than for F.T.S., who should not curtail contributions to the T.S. in order to aid this

SUBSCRIPTION TO ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT PAPERS.

Upon motion of Dr. J. D. Buck, member of the Executive Committee, American Section T.S., the Committee have unanimously adopted a Resolution instructing the General Secretary to furnish hereafter one copy of each O. D. Paper free to each Branch in good standing, and one copy to every person subscribing thereto at the rate of fifty cents per year. The future arrangement will diminish the heavy expense of these Papers, and will avoid the great waste involved in issue to those persons who do not desire them. It will go into effect January 1st, 1895. All persons desiring to receive these Papers are requested to remit fifty cents to the General Secretary as subscription for the six numbers to appear in 1895, being particular to give full name and address. Single copies will be on sale for ten cents.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, *General Secretary*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The General Secretary very gratefully acknowledges the following donations between Oct. 1st and Nov. 20th, 1894: to General Fund $821.65, to Lectureship Fund $548.00. As the expenditures are not footed up till the end of each month, it is not practicable to now state the precise surplus in each fund, but it is undoubtedly enough to relieve from present anxiety. Yet of course current outlays can only be met through the continued benefactions of members, and for this the scheme of Mr. Harter is specially recommended.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, *General Secretary*.

CANCELLED STAMPS can be used in Sweden in T.S. work. Any one wishing to donate such stamps or old stamped envelopes, postal cards, or the like, may send them directly to Herr Tonnes Algren, F.T.S., Linnegatan No. 25, Stockholm, Sweden, or to Gabriel Magnusson, 162 West 72d street, New York. A good many have been sent from the previous notice given, and their sale enabled some work to be done.

When I went away it was toward the sunset I sped, and from there I shall come again.

OM.